



coast, (so that she was well off,) after a hard chase of ten or twelve hours, and was only taken by the fear, and consequent refusal of the crew to work her, after having been fired upon some seven or eight times.

She had one or two passengers, from captured vessels, and a crew, all told, of fourteen persons, of mixed nationalities, but no Americans among them. When seized, she showed no flag, had no papers, acknowledged no captain, and of course her cargo declared itself and her own condemnation. One of the passengers (supposed to be the captain of the ship *Bremen*, captured previously) died on board of her, and took also the rest of the crew with him. She had been out several days when captured, and had lost by death a great many; and her fellows continued dying by the dozens daily, even after arrival here—twelve dying on the day of arrival, and out of about six hundred, only something over four hundred have outlived the miseries and sufferings of the middle passage of only fourteen days. After they were landed, several died ere they could reach their quarters, and daily new made graves are opened. I visited the vessel in a few hours after her arrival, to give you this sketch of a scene, we faint had hoped, belonging to days gone by, but which was before my eyes in all its horror. I found a small schooner which swarmed with the poor creatures as thick as they could sit, most of them young men—very many boys, and about eighty girls and young women. They had been stowed in sitting postures in the hold, and then over their heads a slave deck laid, whereas were crowded the women and the boys, in a space barely high enough to admit of sitting upright. I could not have believed it possible that so many human beings could be stowed in such a space. When I visited them, they of course were not in iron, nor confined in their original position, for the deck was alive with them. I cannot find language in which to paint the filthy and disgusting stench of this prison-house of miserable, writhing suffering. The naked bodies, filth of person, emaciated limbs, to almost skeletons, wan and pitiful faces upturned, arms, legs, or persons still seen from the slave-stealers, fiery marks of the brand, all presented a scene most sickening. I thought, was it possible that man could steel his heart so fiercely, and quench out his soul so utterly, as to look on such a scene, with the dead and dying piling around him, and yet glot over his gains as he pressed over the waters beneath God's pure sky and witnessing stars, on an errand so diabolical? Yes, it is even so.

Soon after the poor wretches were landed, clothing, blankets, &c., were furnished them; and, as cold water or bread was given them, they mutely clapped their hands in gratitude before they drank. It was good to look, and see the sympathy of generous hearts, which in the act of saving their fellow-servants, who were all decently clad and supplied with blankets, and are now occupying comfortable habitations at the expense of the English nation, until they can be sent away to some other colonies; as were they sent back to the coast, they would at once again be resold. The establishment for Liberated Africans<sup>1</sup> was formerly kept up here on a large scale, having been founded some eight or ten years since—and generally having under its care some one or two thousand negroes, who have been brought here in some three hundred captured slaves—and of whom some three thousand sleep their last sleep in one of the valleys. It was broken up some few years since; but, hereafter, all vessels take with slaves will be brought here. The court for adjudication will sit in due course of time, when condemnation of the vessel must ensue, and by the English will be sold at auction, with the express stipulation that she is to be broken up.

We learn that about fifteen of twenty slaves have recently been captured on the South coast, some being living freight, but many others sent to ravage them, and armed with *large* amounts of specie on board. It is thought by officers of the men-of-war, that a check has been given to the traffic by the severe losses lately met with—but I fear not. Such losses only make more grasping the avarice that takes the very life-blood. The American squadron on the coast is too small for effective action, and they should be steamers, for all the world has been done under the American flag, to its disgrace; but I learn that the present Commodore on the station has fresh instructions, giving greater encouragement and less restriction than formerly, and consequently the Cumberland and Dale are on the South coast, actively employed.

**COLONIZATION OF CENTRAL AMERICA.** A novel and somewhat startling speech was made in the U. S. House of Representatives, on the 7th inst., by Hon. Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, on the neutrality Laws and Emigration to Central America. It took the House by surprise, especially the Southern portion of it, and created no little sensation, in consequence of the manner in which it met the filibustering spirit. Here are some extracts from it:

I come to that great, paramount, transcendent question, about which everybody is caring and nobody is speaking: 'How shall we Americanize Central America?' Secondly, 'Can we Americanize Central America?' Thirdly, 'Shall we Americanize Central America?' Now, Mr. Chairman, I say that whoever has studied the history of this country, and who ever knows the character of this people, and who ever infers their action from their character and their history, will see that the colonizing question is abundantly answered by the American people—that we do wish to Americanize Central America; that we can Americanize Central America; and that we shall Americanize Central America.

And now, Mr. Chairman, in relation to the manner and the agency, 'How can we Americanize Central America?' Shall we do it legally and fairly, or shall we do it illegally and unfairly? Shall we do it by conferring a benefit on the people of Central America, or shall we do it by conquest, by robbery and violence? Shall we do it without abandoning national laws, and without violating our treaty stipulations? Shall we do it in accordance with the law of nations and the laws of the United States; or shall we do it by force, blood, and fire?

Now, Mr. Chairman, my position is this: that we will do it legally; that we will do it in accordance with the highest laws, human and Divine; By what agency shall this be accomplished?

By the way, sir, I did agree with the gentleman from New York, (Mr. Haskin,) who told us yesterday that he was not in favor of grand larceny; but I did not agree with him when I said that he was in favor of grand larceny. I regret that a representation of the United States in the Council Hall of the nation should say to his constituents, to the nation, and the world, that he and the Democratic party were 'rather in favor of grand larceny.' Larceny is larceny; and you cannot say a mean thing about it than to call it by its own name. I am pained that this report has gone forth that any party, or that any individual in this House, or connected with this government, is in favor of grand larceny or petty larceny. Larceny, grand or petty, is not only disgraceful, but is also ugly and utterly contemptible. We do not go for the acquisition or the Americanization of territory by larceny of any kind whatever, but fairly, openly and honorably.

Then, sir, by what agency may we thus Americanize Central America? I reply to the question, by the power of organized emigration. That is abundantly able to give us Central America as soon as we want it. We can buy it, and we can sell it, and we can do it by the power of organized emigration. The Yankee has never become a slave; but unless he has been forced to it by the social relations of the slave State where he lived; and the Yankee who has become a slaveholder, has, every day of his life thereafter, felt in very bones the bad economy of the system. It could not be otherwise. Talk about our Yankees, who go to Central America, becoming slaveholders! Why, sir, we can buy a negro power, in a steam-engine, for ten dollars, [laughter] and we can clothe and feed that power for one year for five dollars; [renewed laughter] and are we the men to give \$1,000 for an African slave, and \$150 a year to feed and clothe him? No, sir. Setting aside the arguments about sentimentality, and about philanthropy, on this question: setting aside all poetry and fiction, it comes right down to the practical question—is it profitable?

The Yankee replies, 'not at all.' Then there is no danger of men who go from Boston to Central America ever owning slaves, unless they are compelled by their social relations there. If a man goes from Boston into Louisiana, and nobody will speak to him unless he has a slave, nobody will invite him to a social entertainment unless he owns a negro; and if he cannot get a wife unless he has a neg-

gro; then, sir, very likely he may make up his mind to own a negro. [Laughter.] But I tell you that he will repent of it every day while he has him. There is no inducement for the Yankees to spread slavery into Central America, and there is no power in any other part of the country to do it. Therefore, most fearlessly do I advocate the Americanizing of Central America. We must have some outlet for our overwhelming population. Neutrality knows no law; and if we cannot have Central America, we must have the Indian territory; we must have something; we are not exhausted in our power of emigration: we are worse off than we were before the opening of Kansas. It was a peaceful, quiet colony, going out with its emigrant wagons all in a row, and therefore looking something like a military organization going out with their women and their children, who will be here with us, with costers, yard long, [laughter] with pickets, and crowding with shovels, and with garden seeds. This beautiful colony was arrested by the officials of the present Executive's predecessor. It was by some mistake, no doubt. Perhaps he took the turnipseed for powder, and I doubt whether the case would have been better if the President had been there himself. This colony was arrested within our own dominion. It was not an emigration to a foreign country, and there was no danger of interference with the neutrality laws. Those quiet, peaceful colonists, because their wagons went in a row for mutual defense through the wild, uncultivated territory of Nebraska, where there were Indians—they were arrested as a military organization. We do not want hereafter, either within the limits of the United States or without them, such meddlesome and vexatious interference by the Executive power of this government. Therefore, I say, let us have some neutrality laws that can be understood. If there had been no apprehension in the North about the neutrality laws, if we had not expected that for the day we alive with them. I cannot find language in which to paint the filthy and disgusting stench of this prison-house of miserable, writhing suffering. The naked bodies, filth of person, emaciated limbs, to almost skeletons, wan and pitiful faces upturned, arms, legs, or persons still seen from the slave-stealers, fiery marks of the brand, all presented a scene most sickening. I thought, was it possible that man could steel his heart so fiercely, and quench out his soul so utterly, as to look on such a scene, with the dead and dying piling around him, and yet glot over his gains as he pressed over the waters beneath God's pure sky and witnessing stars, on an errand so diabolical? Yes, it is even so.

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**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.** The Annual Meeting of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in Boston, on Thursday and Friday, Jan. 28th and 29th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

In view of the absolute control of the national government, in all its departments, by the Slave Power, the anti-slavery cause in the South, through the agency of the piratical Walker, for the purpose of vast extension of the accursed slave system into new territories—the continued subjugation and fearful situation of Kansas—the brutal and monstrous decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, whereby the entire colored population of Massachusetts are denied to have any rights as citizens of the United States—the official declaration of Mr. Buchanan, that slaveholders are much entitled to hold slaves in any of the Territories as any other property—and the revolting and startling doctrines avowed by the South, in regard to free institutions—the friends of freedom are summoned to rally, at this annual gathering, in numbers, and with a spirit and zeal, commensurate with the importance and solemnity of the crisis.

Among the speakers expected at this meeting are Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Rev. Theodore Parker, Edmund Quincy, Charles L. Remond, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, Wm. Wells Brown, &c.

• All the meetings will be held in the MERCANTILE LIBRARY HALL, 16 Summer street.

• The meetings will be free during the day time; but on each evening, an admission fee of ten cents will be taken at the door, partly on account of the limited dimensions of the hall, but with particular reference to defraying anniversary expenses.

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

R. F. WALCUTT, Secretary.

#### THE ANNUAL MEETING.

As the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in this city on Thursday and Friday next, (day and evening,) we beg leave to urge a full attendance on the occasion, with primitive zeal and determination. Not until the haughty Slave Power is humbled in the dust—not until the rights and interests of the North are successfully vindicated—not until every bondman at the South be liberated from his chains—must abolitionists think of growing weary, or omit an opportunity to multiply their blows and their testimonies against the accursed slave system. There must be no 'suspension' of effort on their part. Disengagement, postponement, compromise, are words not belonging to their vocabulary.

It will be seen by the official notices, that but two days are assigned for the meetings; consequently, every hour of the anniversary must be used to the best advantage. The business of the Society will be merely incidental, scarcely occupying any time; so that every meeting will be one for the discussion of the GREAT QUESTION itself, and highly interesting. It is particularly desirable that the opening meeting on Thursday, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., should witness a crowded auditory. Minute-men of the new revolution, remember the time and place!

HOW THE CASE STANDS. Hon. John P. Hale has made a telling speech in the U. S. Senate, on national affairs, in the course of which, he read from Mr. Buchanan's former speeches, in which he declared that 'all Christendom is leagued against the South on this question of domestic slavery.' Of course,' remarked Mr. Hale, 'the South can have no allies, except those who are out of Christendom. [Laughter.] But what does Mr. Buchanan say in his next sentence? "They have no other allies to sustain their constitutional rights, except the Devil and the North." There's a fight for you! All Christendom on one side, and the Democrats of the North on the other.—(Hearty outbursts of laughter.)

SPEECH OF HON. ELI THAYER. Referring to this remarkable speech, in the U. S. House of Representatives, with reference to 'Americanizing Central America,' (extracts from which we have given in preceding columns,) the Washington correspondent of the Albany Journal says—

The speech which did the greatest execution upon the filibusters was Eli Thayer's—him of Emigration Aid Society fame. You can have a faint idea of the effect that it produced, when you consider that such a speech, on such a topic, in such a high noon of Nullification, had been let loose upon the floor of the House, with the marrow of his famous letters all condensed into a single speech, it would not have caused more amusement or surprise than did Thayer's emigration episode; while the serious, deaconish way in which he told his story about colonizing Central America, Mexico and Texas, with Yankee Yankees of the hymn, and such typical partisans of the South, as then tried to join the laugh which now ensued, and then convulsed the hall during the delivery of the speech; others threatened; a few swore; but the more thoughtful looked and felt as did the Eastern tyrant when he saw the prophetic hand writing his doom on his palace walls.'

CASE OF JUDGE LORING. The petitions for the removal of Judge Loring have been taken from the Committee on Probate and Chancery, and properly referred to a Special Committee. Many have already

been presented—send along the remainder.

Accurate as he is upon most points, Mr. Chamber-

yet holds a more favorable opinion of the present po-

tion of Massachusetts, and of Boston, than facts will warrant. He declares that in no State, except Massachusetts, does public opinion 'go the length of giving complete justice to the people of color.' In regard to this exception, and to the credit for improvement in feeling and principle given by Mr. Chambers to the periodical press, in the following extract, we shall state a few facts, which must modify his good opin-

ion of Massachusetts, and of Boston, than facts will warrant. He declares that in no State, except Massachusetts, does public opinion 'go the length of giving complete justice to the people of color.' In regard to this exception, and to the credit for improvement in feeling and principle given by Mr. Chambers to the periodical press, in the following extract, we shall state a few facts, which must modify his good opin-

'About a year ago, on visiting Boston, Mrs. Webb (a colored lady, apparently a quadroon, accomplished in manners, well educated, and every way acceptable as a guest in the houses of English persons of distinction,) was received by Mr. Gannett in the same way. I notice, as a singular fact, that the solicitude of my friends to have me enjoy the privileges of their sanctuary suddenly ceases, when I propose to share those privileges with my brother Y. Recollect the number, if you please, to send me for Good morning.'

To this day, we have never succeeded in hearing a sermon from Dr. Gannett.

Since we have been accustomed (whether reasonably or unreasonably) to expect a higher standard of morality from the churches than the theatres, and since the former still preach to the colored people the gospel according to Drs. Gannett and Dewey, Stow, Blagden and South-Adams, we can hardly expect from the managers of theatres a more favorable consideration for the 'skin not colored like their own.'

Let us see.

When Mrs. Webb left the Marlboro' Hotel, under the circumstances above detailed, she went to the Winthrop House, and was treated with civility and respect. Doubtless this was creditable to the Winthrop House, considering that the two leading hotels of Boston—the Tremont and the Revere—would undoubtedly have refused Mrs. Webb, except under the restrictions imposed at the Marlboro'. But if any one supposes that the admission of a beautiful and accomplished lady, who, in the expressive physiognomy of the South, might easily pass for a white woman, implies that a black man or woman, without other recommendation than that intimacy with abolitionists which would have made all clear to him.

Mr. Chambers, however, continued to study the subject of slavery, and the new developments of American character from time to time rising in connection with it, and to call the attention of the English public to it in his *Journal*. In an article on 'The American Crisis,' near the close of 1855, with the old error still lingering in his mind, he asks 'whether the sentiments of the masses of the two belligerent parties are so widely dissimilar on the subject of slavery as has been hitherto supposed?' And—Is it unreasonable to conjecture that the anti-slavery sentiments of the North belong more to an abstract theory, which one upholds just so long as is convenient, than to an earnest conviction, for which we are ready to sacrifice wealth and life?' And he accounts for 'otherwise unintelligible submission of the more powerful [Northern] States to the weaker,' by supposing that 'the mass of the Northern opponents of slavery are upheld by no great principle, no earnest conviction.' He had not yet discovered that 'the North' has 'no anti-slavery sentiments; that there is no "mass of Northern opponents of slavery"; that all the nearly, practical opposition to slavery existing in the North is felt, and made practical, only by a (numerically) insignificant handful of people; and that such expression of anti-slavery feeling as have seemed to emanate from quarters more considerable in number, or more weighty in position, have invariably received their strength and vigor from a few real abolitionists, who have been assisted by some new outrage of the Slave Power to induce a portion of those around them temporally to unite in such expressions; though they have not succeeded, even to the present time, in imbuing them, or any appreciable proportion of them, with these principles of true religion and true morality from which an anti-slavery life would necessarily and continuously flow.'

In the beginning of 1857, Mr. Chambers commenced, in his *Journal*, a series of papers on the subject of American slavery, for which he seems carefully to have prepared himself, both by noting, as they appeared, facts illustrative of the subject, and by reading the statements and arguments of pro-slavery and anti-slavery writers in this country. These articles, with the addition of some chapters in the text, and much valuable illustrative matter in an appendix, have been combined into the volume above named, making a very valuable, and, in the main, very accurate delineation of the present condition of our country in regard to slavery.

Commencing with a citation of evidence, from Southern sources, of the position which slaveholders have now deliberately taken, of not only maintaining, but justifying, their villainous 'peculiar institution' of assisting it by a revival of the foreign slave-trade, and of laboring for its extension and perpetuity, as not only a right arrangement, but the best arrangement, for themselves and their country—Mr. Chambers gives an accurate history of the condition of slavery at the revolution, its progress since, and its reality now. He details the successive acts in this tragedy, the acquisition of Louisiana, the Missouri Compromise, the Florida war, the invasion and annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska movement, the struggle in Kansas, the outrage on Charles Sumner, and the system of maneuvers by which the Federal government has always thrown its influence into the scale of slavery. He then correctly states the condition of the slaves, under the laws and usages of the South, and the condition of the free colored people under the laws, usages and prejudices of the North, and shows the great influence which the clergy of both North and South have systematically exercised over the minds of the slaves in this country, and of the unchristian and unchristian manner in which the free colored people, even in the one side, and its maintenance on the other, but the overthrow of an ascendancy that is based on slavery, by those men who are commonly called Republicans, and the upholding and extension of that ascendancy by those men who are known as Democrats.

Such being the nature of the contest, it is not a point of mere consequence whether the slaves are property or otherwise at 'corner-wicks.' All the abolitionists in this country, and all the anti-slavery people who are not abolitionists, might be converted to the belief that slavery is a good thing, as a social institution, and a mode of labor, without in the least affecting the nature of the political dispute, or drawing it any nearer to a conclusion. The free States are weary of the rule of the slaveholders, and mean to get rid of it, whether the slaves are happy or miserable. If the slaves are happy, which may be something more than we suppose, do not see in that fact any reason why we should be their masters' slaves, as we do not believe slavery to be a source of happiness.

We take leave of Mr. Chambers with the sincere hope that so honest and earnest a friend of the slave will continue to observe, and to report to the British public, the news and current events of the week; but we could not find in one of them the slightest reference to the master in question.

The manners and customs of hotels, churches and theatres indicate, quite as accurately as any other circumstance, the degree to which *caste* prevails in any community. Mr. Chambers' book gives an accurate idea of the pro-slavery position and influence of the churches and clergy in this country, and of the unchristian and unchristian manner in which the free colored people, even in the one side, and its maintenance on the other, but the overthrow of an ascendancy that is based on slavery, by those men who are commonly called Republicans, and the upholding and extension of that ascendancy by those men who are known as Democrats.

At the Northern ports dislike slavery, and they would be glad to see it cease to exist, are things admitted; but it does not follow that they would be ready to abolish it, were it at their power to do so, or that they would be willing to do it. The object of the political warfare that now divides the American people, is not the abolition of slavery on the one side, and its maintenance on the other, but the overthrow of an ascendancy that is based on slavery.

As we have spoken of the Telegraph and Atlas as papers more disposed than any others of the daily press to do justice to the colored people, a fair statement of the present condition of that department of our literature requires some notice of the character of their successor. In 1857 these two papers were merged in the *Traveller*, which thus succeeded to the position of organ of the Free-soil or Republican party. Shortly after, it commenced a zealous advocacy of the re-election of the pro-slavery Governor, Gardner, bearing with much equanimity a loss of character which was said to be counterbalanced by large pecuniary profits, and its present position in regard to the four million slaves of the United States may be judged by the following sentences in its leading article on



## POETRY.

For the Liberator.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO NATHANIEL BARNEY, OF NANTUCKET.  
Thou Friend of my heart! I sigh to be near thee,  
To look thy form, as in days that are past;  
Thy goodness and love shall over endear thee,  
While grateful affection and memory last.

Though far from thy dear native isle of the ocean,  
Where thy beloved home looks out on the sea,  
In spirit I greet thee, with heartful emotion,  
And offer my prayer to kind Heaven for thee.

With a heart that can feel for the poor and the lowly,  
That sighs to deliver the down-trodden slave,  
Thy life has been spent in deeds that are holy,  
And a life such as thine cannot end in the grave;

For, through the dark valley, our pilgrimage ended,  
The spirits of good men in glory appear,

Where all kind souls are in harmony blessed.

And they are united who loved truly here.

When, in the blest future, our spirits immortal,  
Released from this earth, its strife and its care,

In triumph and joy have passed Heaven's portal,

The merciful deeds shall follow thee there;

And those that have loved shall remember, in gladness,

What joy to their hearts thy goodness e'er gave,  
And he that was ready to perish, in sadness,

Shall tell how he found thee e'er ready to save.

The patriot's love for his country may perish,  
The mother forget her own child, in its rest;

But never, oh never, shall I cease to cherish

The friendship for thee, that still lives in my breast.

For thy goodness to me, where sorrow oppressed me,

And thou didst reach forth thy fatherly hand,

I offer this tribute, and with it I bless thee,

In accents of love, from this far distant land.

J. G. FORMAN.

Alton, Illinois, Jan. 1, 1858.

For the Liberator.

## TO ABBY KELLEY FOSTER.

Thou woman of the earnest heart,  
And eloquent and ready tongue,  
Who long, so well, hast borne thy part  
In battling for the weak against the strong,  
And for the right against the wrong—  
The future ages shall thee crown;  
People of every rank and clime  
Shall venerate the land that gave thee birth,  
And homage pay to thy unselfish worth;  
And woman, in all coming time,  
Shall deem it glory and renown  
To bear the sex that thou hast made sublime—  
Thus silencing for aye the slanderous train,  
Who say that woman is but weak and vain.

A. F. 2.

For the Liberator.

VISIONS.

We see but dimly through the mists  
That curtain Life's eternal hills;  
Fate shapes our visions as it lists,  
And we but reason as it wills.

High in the heavens I saw, last night,  
Beneath Orion's starry zone,  
A scroll let fall—and on it wrote,  
A hand—a flaming hand alone:

\* Go, ye, and reap!—the ripened grain  
Awaited the scythe—the sun is high!  
Thrust in, and reap with might and main!—  
It wrote, and vanished from the sky.

I looked: the sky was chill, and Earth  
Lay in the cold embrace of Frost;  
From Arctic caves the winds came forth,  
Complaining like a spirit lost.

O, thou who wrote with flaming hand,  
Or seeming wrote—appear again!—  
Till every hand in every land  
Thrust in, and reap with might and main.

Dec. 25, 1857. M. H. COBB.

For the Liberator.

## THE SLAVE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Oh, my wretched heart is breaking,  
Breaking with its anguish wild,  
Cruel hands have stolen from me  
My own darling, precious child!

Taken my poor heart's last treasure,  
All that I had left to love,  
And I never more shall see her  
Till we meet in heaven above.

Husband, children, all they've taken;  
Fronded is my brain, and wild;  
O, why could they not have spared me  
This, a last, and only child!

One by one they tore them from me,  
Heeded not my cry, or theirs,  
Cursed us for our hearts' affection,  
Cursed us for our tears and prayers.

Now the last sad drop is added  
To my bitter cup of woes:  
O how long, alone and friendless,  
Must I linger here below!

If I knew that they were happy,  
Blest with Freedom's glorious light,  
I could then endure with patience  
Slavery's dark and dreadful night.

Or could I but see them lying  
In death's long and quiet sleep,  
This sad heart would cease to murmur,  
And these eyes refuse to weep.

But, a living death's before them,  
With no friend for them to care,  
Days of sorrow, pain and anguish,  
Nights of deep and dark despair.

O, I cannot bear this torture!  
Is there no kind arm to save?

None, in all the world, to pity

A heart-broken, wretched slave?

O, my heart is crushed and bleeding—  
Bleeding in its anguish wild;

Cruel hands have stolen from me

My own darling, precious child!

Georgetown, Mass. J. M. E.

## SONNET TO WINTER.

Hail, hoary Winter! how they traduce,  
Call thee hideous, gloomy, sulky, vile!  
I feel compunctions visitings, erewhile  
That with the herd I joined in thy abuse.

In thy best mood, how beautiful art thou!

Earth's lap all glittering, glittering all her hills;

Her trees with hoary foliage bending low;

Blue skies, snow wreaths, crisp hills, and icicles:

And then o' nights when million stars us greet!

Even in thy wrath I love thee. Rain! hail! sleet!

O how ye make the crackling fagots burn!

But, Winter, my poor homage thou dost spurn;

Pointing to many an Alp, I see thee laugh,

And hear thee say, "Behold my cenotaph!"

JAMES COCHRANE.

ECONOMY.

However cheap,  
Whate'er thou want'st not, buy not. That is dear,  
A mere extravagant impertinence,

For which thou hast no need. Feel first the want,

Ere it be satisfied; bargains full oft

Are money-wasting things, that prudent men

Will keep far from with suspicious eye;

Perc chance to any of but little use,

And to themselves most likely none at all.

## The Liberator.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON.

THOUGHTS ON HIS FORMER PREACHING.

This gentleman has lately published a book entitled 'The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience.' It is said by Harper's Weekly to be a very amusing work—which any one would expect, who knows anything of the gentleman's natural disposition or temperament in religion. Did he ever do any thing so well?

In all that he says, do we not see his roguish leer, and the twinkle in his eye? He is indisputably a profusely satirical, witty and humorous man—so much so, that I regard him as the religious 'Punch' of America. He fancies he has a taste and talent for religion; hence the peculiar tendencies of his puerilities and his fun. For ever there is a kind of divine inflation operating upon his nerves, giving him a keen perception of and high relish for the grave-ludicrous. The versatility of his talent in theology is wonderful. The great mass of clergymen suffer their lives to bring forth but one harvest of ideas or doctrines, while this economical and faithful divine, by adopting the system of 'rotation in crops,' has been enabled so to husband and use his elements as to produce, thus far, no less than five!

His new book I have not yet seen. Religious works I can hardly afford time to read, as they merely charm my blood with pleasing heaviness, while works of pure wit must hold a fifth decimal position till I have more leisure. Though I have not seen Mr. Brownson's new book, I have been acquainted with the man, as he was some fifteen years ago. I cannot say I was one of his followers, but one of his listeners. At this time, he was eloquent and bold, and gave out many original thoughts in theology and its bearings. His religion then was democratic in theory, to say the least, and seemed to 'pluck allegiance from men's hearts'; for it embraced no mystified creed, but was simply good sense and practical humanity. This was his theory, in brief. What his private bearings and tendencies were, I cannot vouch; but his manner generally indicated that he thought it was enough for him to preach humanity and godliness. Those who had read other sacred poetry than that of Watts might have seen the following couplet, and felt its truth—

'No man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins.'

And my fondness for this kind of poetry must be an apology here for a slight digression. I quote the following from the sweet Cooper, with all the fervor with which Mrs. Stowe (in her 'Pleasant Memories,' &c.) cited from the metrical Watts :

'No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,  
Till half mankind were like himself possessed.'

'Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,  
Stubborn and sturdy—a wild ass's colt.'

Mr. Brownson's religion seemed to be of the head, and not of the heart, or of books, and not of the soul. Hence, in the practical application of his doctrines, he would signalize, and sometimes ludicrously, fail. His best discourses were polemical. His wonderful power consisted principally in attacking old theories and abuses, and in pulling down antiquated theological structures. But what could he build up and sustain from their ruins? Nothing—not even a system that could compare with Mormonism, and is now operating with a wind due East from St. Peter's.'

From what has been said, (as the clergy generally say in conclusion,) it will perhaps be observed that the subject of our notice has been rather freely commented upon; but, begging pardon, Mr. Brownson is a public man, and I think the circumstances demand it. And if there is any credit due for brown and pointed anvil to the tines of the school-slaves, I need not of recurring to the brown, unmarred page that kept their infancy thoughtful and awake amid the drawsy hums of the school-room, during long summer afternoons, on the narrow, straight-backed seat, so high that the little pendant foot could not touch the floor; for their manhood's memory never ceases to delight in the words that enchanted their childhood—words of a power to make the untrained voices of the elder classes, 'the great boys and girls,' pathetic and beautiful; and save a deal of eloquence by declaiming, reciting, and singing, and by the use of musical instruments, and the like.

But there is another light in which Mr. Brownson's religious experience may be presented, and it furnishes a new 'leaf.' The mechanic arts are so far advanced, that windmills are now constructed so as perpetually to change their chief appliance, and face the wind—France opens broad eyes of astonishment at a State where 'tout le monde se dit noble, et riche n'obige.'

Mr. Hillard continues—

'It is the duty of every good citizen to vote for the man who, in seeming as well as in reality, will restore Massachusetts to the Union. Does it become our State to sit apart, sulky and pouting, while her sisters are dancing about the flag-staffs of the Union, simply because she does not like the tune the fiddler is playing? Shall she not rather come forward with the hand, lend to that fair circlet the grace of her form and the lightness of her step?'

And this is a Boston man's notion of the present contest!—This

'Death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems  
and the Word!'

Mosachusetts a dancing girl to slavery! No wonder that, for the sake of men like this, the South calls the North 'wood nutmeg peddler,' and England says to New England, 'what you lack is a gentry—patrician firmness to resist degradation; and France opens broad eyes of astonishment at a State where 'tout le monde se dit noble, et riche n'obige.'

It is instructive now to remember that, in 1835, Mr. Hillard was heard to thank, as good patriots, those who refused to dance to slavesholding music; and was afterwards employed by Abolitionists, at the time when they were engaged in analyzing the Constitution, to present their arguments to the Legislature of Massachusetts.

To learn why the school literature of forty years ago is pronounced 'degenerate' by this sort of women who dance dismally and with so little grace, a face to the tynes of the school-slaves, I need not of recurring to the brown, unmarred page that kept their infancy thoughtful and awake amid the drawsy hums of the school-room, during long summer afternoons, on the narrow, straight-backed seat, so high that the little pendant foot could not touch the floor; for their manhood's memory never ceases to delight in the words that enchanted their childhood—words of a power to make the untrained voices of the elder classes, 'the great boys and girls,' pathetic and beautiful; and save a deal of eloquence by declaiming, reciting, and singing, and by the use of musical instruments, and the like.

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